
The Omen
39 - 4
"Do you need
an escort?"

Omen Layout Staff:
A Walk to Rember

Starring:

Grace Willey

Jon Gardner
"Fuck," Harry snarled.

Rachel Ithen

Stephen Morton
Golly, I'm gay!

F. Stewart-Taylor
Roaming the streets of 'Frisco

Will Shattuc
Legalize them and tax them for state revenue

Allison McCarthy
Homosocial bonding

Julia Jacobs

Christian Matesanz
The sofa bears don't know

Ben Batchelder
Kali Spera!!

Devin Morse

Bear Sex Issue



drawn by Ben Batchelder

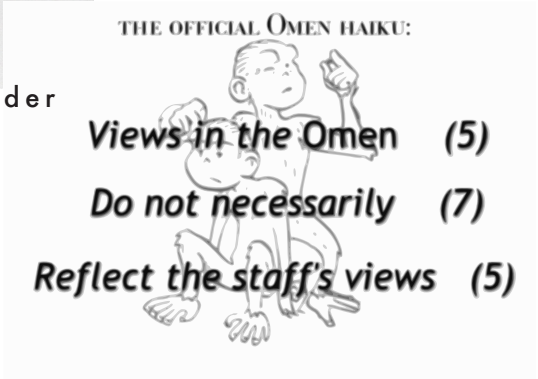
Submissions are due always, constantly, so submit forever. You can submit in rich text or plain text format by CD, Flash Drive, singing telegram, carrier pigeon, paper airplane, Fed-Ex, Pony Express, or email. Get your submissions to omen@hampshire.edu or F. Stewart-Taylor, box 1092

Policy

The Omen is a biweekly publication that is the world's only example of the consistent application of a straightforward policy: we publish all signed submissions from members of the Hampshire community that are not libelous. Send us your impassioned yet poorly-thought-out rants, self-insertion fan fiction, MS Paint comics, and whiny emo poetry: we'll publish it all, and we're happy to do it. The Omen is about giving you a voice, no matter how little you deserve it. Since its founding in December of 1992 by Stephanie Cole, the Omen has hardly missed an issue, making it Hampshire's longest-running publication.

Your Omen submission (you're submitting right now, right?) might not be edited, and we can't promise any spellchecking either, so any horrendous mistakes are your fault, not ours. We do promise not to insert comical spelling mistakes in submissions to make you look foolish. Your submission must include your real name: an open forum comes with a responsibility to take ownership of your views. (Note: Views expressed in the Omen do not necessarily reflect the views of the Omen editor, the Omen staff, or anyone, anywhere, living or dead.)

The Omen staff consists of whoever shows up for Omen layout, which usually takes place on alternate Thursday nights in the basement of Merrill on a computer with an extremely inadequate monitor. You should come. We don't bite. You can find the Omen on other Thursdays in Saga, the post office, or on the door of your mod.



Front Cover
Back Cover

EDITORIAL

Mad Libs Editorial

by Rachel Ithen

Hello Omen folk, and welcome to a new Omen, a new month, and a new (noun)_____. In the world of Omen layout, we have been discussing alpacas, Eurovision, and (adjective)_____ (plural noun)_____.

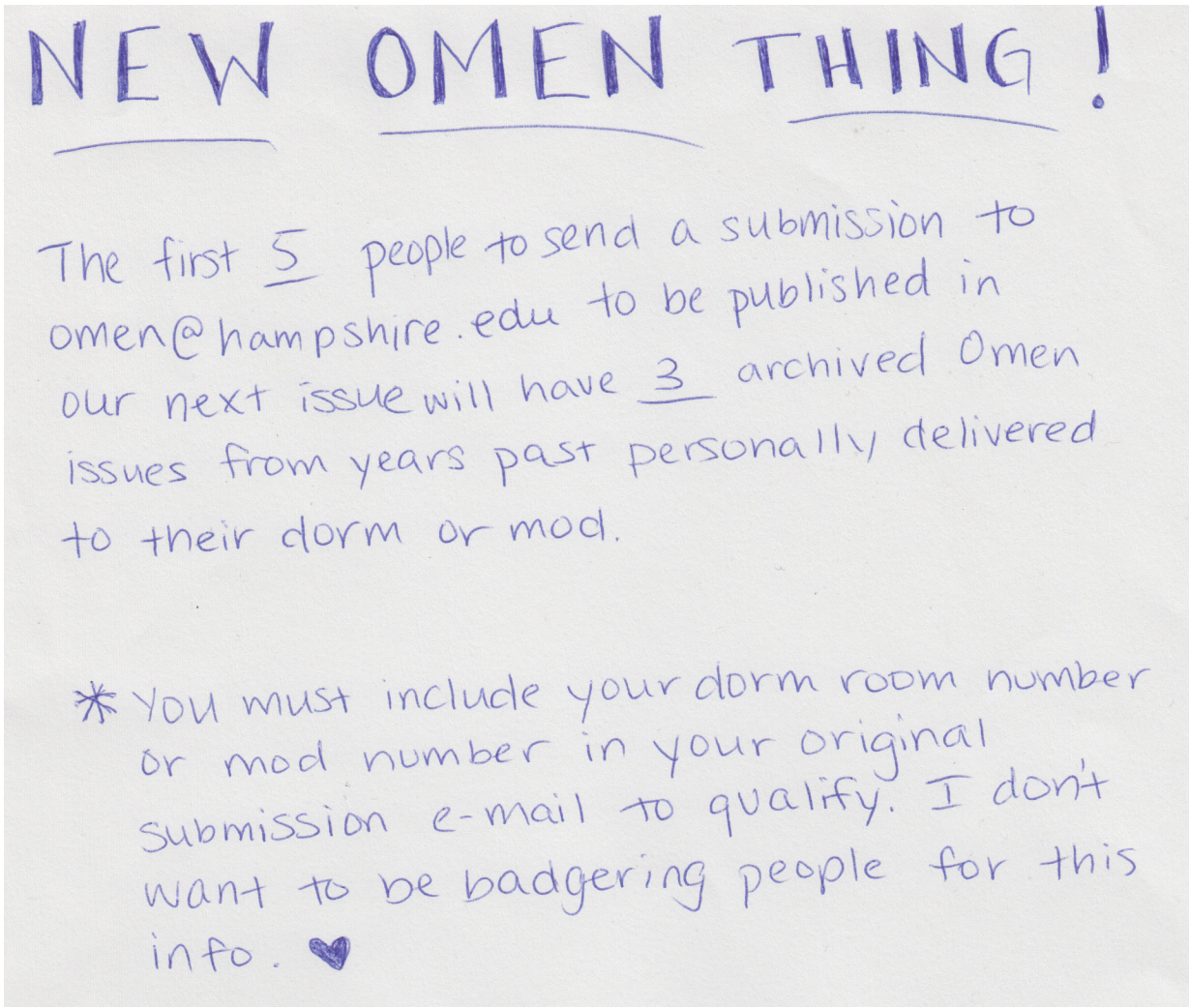
You know what's strange? These editorials are time travelers. I write them one day, and another day about a week later roughly (number)_____ of you read them on paper.

So by the time you've read this, but since I've written it, a band that fuses (music genre)_____ with (other music genre)_____ played for a crowd of (plural animal)_____, zombies, and physical representations of puns at Hampshire Halloween. Sodexo has also hosted a fancy dinner at saga on the night of actual Halloween, complete with (color)_____ cookies and (shape)_____-shaped sprinkles and cider and fun things of the sort. Hopefully we didn't have a repeat of last year's Snowpocalypse with what weatherpeople are now calling "Frankenstorm," because I really don't want to get stranded in Mount Holyoke's gym again, even though they were very nice and welcoming and lovely to all of us. Cots lined up in a row inside of a gymnasium was an adventure, but not an adventure I particularly want to have again.

Anyway, back to the Omen. We only have two (adjective)_____ layout meetings left in the semester, where we eat (food item)_____ and sit at computers and type up stuff to submit. That being said, you should totally show up to our last two, happening on November 8th and November 29th, assuming nothing goes terribly, terribly wrong in the world. So if we wake up on November 7th to greet President Romney on our tvs and computer screens, check for an e-mail before showing up to layout the next day.

Submit to The Omen; it loves you. omen@hampshire.edu. Make a better Mad Lib than I did, because I'm apparently total crap at it. I challenge you to out-Mad-Lib me!

<3





Bread Kills!

1. More than 98 percent of convicted criminals are bread users. 2. Fully HALF of all children who grow up in bread-consuming households score below average on sats tests.

3. In the 18th century, when virtually all bread was baked in the home, the average life expectancy was less than 50 years; infant mortality rates were unacceptably high; many women died in childbirth; and diseases such as typhoid, yellow fever, and influenza ravaged whole nations.

4. Every piece of bread you eat brings you nearer to death.

5. Bread is associated with all the major diseases of the body. For example, nearly all sick people have eaten bread. The effects are obviously cumulative:

99.9% of all people who die from cancer have eaten bread.

100% of all soldiers have eaten bread.

96.9% of all Communist sympathizers have eaten bread.

99.7% of the people involved in air and car accidents ate bread within 6 months preceding the accident.

93.1% of juvenile delinquents came from homes where bread is served frequently.

6. Evidence points to the long-term effects of bread eating: Of all people born before 1839 who later dined on bread, there has been a 100% mortality rate. 7. Bread is made from a substance called "dough." It has been proven that as little as a teaspoon of dough can be used to suffocate a lab rat. The average Britain eats more bread than that in one day!

8. Primitive tribal societies that have no bread exhibit a low incidence of cancer, Alzheimer's, Parkinson's disease, and osteoporosis.

9. Bread has been proven to be addictive. Subjects deprived of bread and being fed only water begged for bread after as little as two days.

10. Bread is often a "gateway" food item, leading the user to "harder" items such as butter, jam, peanut butter, and even cold meat.

11. Bread has been proven to absorb water. Since the human body is more than 90 percent water, it follows that eating bread could lead to your body being taken over by this absorptive food product, turning you into a soggy, gooey bread-pudding person.

12. Newborn babies can choke on bread.

13. Bread is baked at temperatures as high as 400 degrees Fahrenheit! That kind of heat can kill an adult in less than one minute.

14. Most bread eaters are utterly unable to distinguish between significant scientific fact and meaningless statistical babbling.

In light of these frightening statistics, we propose the following bread restrictions:

1. No sale of bread to children.

2. A nationwide "Just Say No To Toast" campaign, complete celebrity TV spots and car stickers.

3. A 300 percent tax on all bread to pay for all the social ills we might associate with bread.

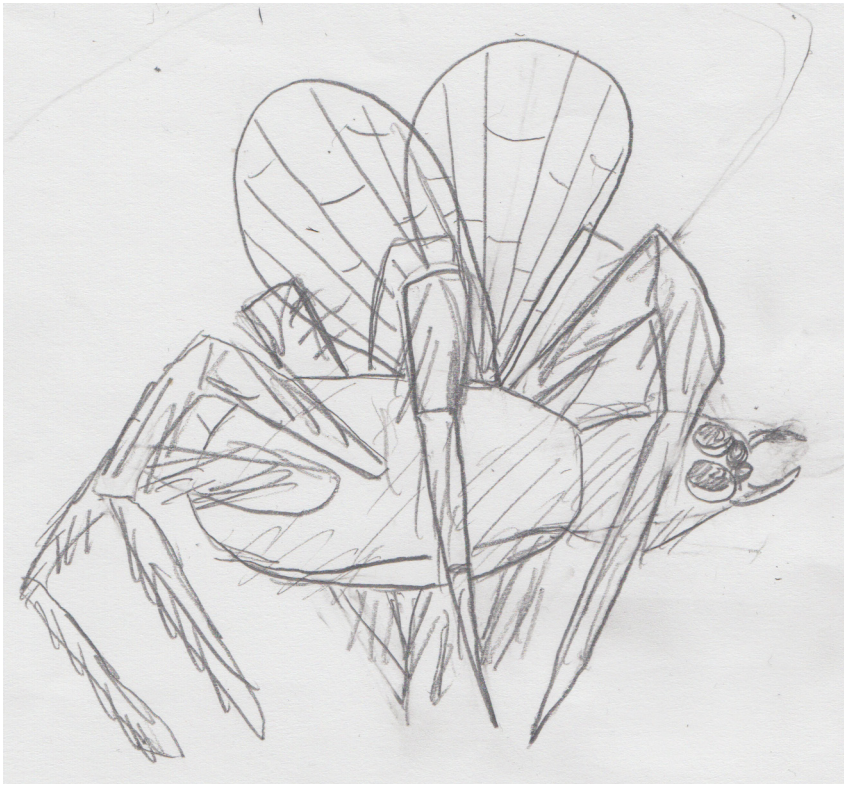
4. No animal or human images, nor any primary colors (which may appeal to children) may be used to promote bread usage.

5. The establishment of "Bread-free" zones around schools.

From, Josh Nickell

Carl, the Tarantula Who Could Love

A Short Story by Ben Batchelder



drawn by Grace Willey

CHAPTER 1

Once upon a time there was a fly named Joseph and his wife Mary, who was also a fly, and they moved one day to the Petersons' fruit bowl in West Phoenix. Over the course of about 3 days Mary laid about 485 eggs on a cool lovely banana that was quietly rotting under a pile of cantaloupes.

They went completely unnoticed until Jeremy Peterson, age 8, found them burrowing their way through the banana. "Cool," he said, peering into the fruit bowl through his thick, circular glasses.

He took a scoop of them and showed them to his sister Hilary who did not feel the same way. Mr. and Mrs. Peterson, who called each other Pete and Laura for short, heard the screaming and demanded from Jeremy just what was going on.

"I'd say they're about 6 days old," explained Jeremy. "Soon they'll be passing into their pupa stage and one by one they'll turn into flies." The boy had a tear in his eye. "They grow up so fast."

"Let's put a stop to this," said Pete to his wife, and they called the exterminator.

Mongo ding-donged the door the next day. "Hello," said Mongo, "It's me, Mongo."

It was a good thing he was dressed like an exterminator because otherwise the Petersons would have been confused but he was so they let him into their kitchen and he put his red cooler on the table.

He took one look at the situation and stuck his rubber gloved thumbs into his suspenders and said, "The boy's

right. It's flies alright."

The Petersons looked at each other for a tense moment. "What can we do?" asked Laura.

"Mongo's your hero," said Mongo, "Mongo's gonna change your world."

"How do you mean?" asked Hilary.

He gestured to his red cooler.

"What we've got in that cooler folks, what we have right here is your number one fast-acting sure-fire organic-fresh way to kill a family of flies."

"What's that?" asked Paul, who was their uncle, who was there because it was almost Thanksgiving.

"Aphonopelma volantis," said Mongo, sweating a little because it was hot even though it was November. "Flying tarantulas."

"Cool!" said Jeremy and he tried to open the cooler but Mongo yelled "Stop!" and pulled a gun out on him and Pete tackled him to the ground for endangering his family.

"OK, OK!" said Mongo from underneath Pete, who was very strong. "I wasn't going to shoot your son. I just wanted to emphasize the urgency of the situation. But it's totally cool. I'm harmless. I wouldn't harm a fly."

And the family laughed a strange laugh.

Pete let him back up and let him continue.

"As I was trying to say, before I was so rudely interrupted," said Mongo, glaring at Pete and pressing his luck, "These are a new breed of flying tarantulas. I've been breeding them for the last 8 years. They only eat flies."

"Really?" said Laura.

"Yes," said Mongo.

And eventually he convinced that family that if he loosed the flying tarantulas from the cooler they would quickly eat up all the flies. Jeremy said how did he know and Mongo said it was because they were all starving and besides he was a scientist so he knew just about all there was to know.

Pete pointed out, "But this leaves us with a bigger problem. Because then we will have a house full of tarantulas."

The family agreed. This was a bad idea.

"No no no no no no no no no no no no no no," said Mongo vigorously waving his arms, "that doesn't happen. Remember? The tarantulas are starving. Those flies won't be nearly enough nourishment for all eight of them."

"Eight?" asked Hilary. "Isn't that a little too many?"

And Mongo said, "That's the exact right amount."

Laura said, "I'm just not comfortable with the prospect of eight ravenous winged tarantulas flying around my house. We're just going to have to say no."

"The tarantulas are really your only option at this point," said Mongo.

"I think we're going to go with an outside contractor," said Pete, implying that Mongo should take his things and leave.

But Mongo, who had always been bad at picking up on subtle signals like that, pulled out his gun and threatened to shoot everybody with it so they all let him open the cooler and walk away. "He didn't ask for a bill," said Pete, "he must not have been a real exterminator," and the family did another strange laugh as the tarantulas began to swarm the room. Only Jeremy was excited.

CHAPTER 2

Carl stumbled out of the cooler and zipped around a bit. Where was he? His eyes took a moment to adjust to the light. Meanwhile he flew into a wall and fell through the air. Just before he hit the ground he swooped back up somewhat majestically it could have been said were he not a flying tarantula and planted himself on the upper corner of the room to assess the situation.

There were the other 7, zipping around the room like a bunch of idiots. One by one he saw them:

1. Hector- Carl's closest friend. A compassionate fellow, they had grown up in the same lab together and been through almost everything together. Hector was an earlier prototype, born with an enormous, empty stomach. Grown up on nutrient water, never learned to eat flies. Used instead for flying experimentation. As a result was by far the best flyer of the bunch.
2. Gary- Mutated, born without eyes. Poor flier, dull temperament.
3. Martin- A dangerous fellow, also mutated. Born with enormous fangs. Known for being a hectic, crazed lunatic.
4. Derrick- Also mutated, born with an enormous head which constantly bled.
5. The 3 others are not worth mentioning. They had their own little side story and you will never find out about it.

Carl felt privileged among his platoon. He was the only one who was born normal, a perfect new specimen. He always knew from the way the scientist treated him that he was somehow special. And he knew it in other ways too. Compared with the others, he was the only one born with any considerable intelligence, a real head on his thorax. He could think, he could reason, he wasn't simply compelled to follow his basic instincts. And this made him special.

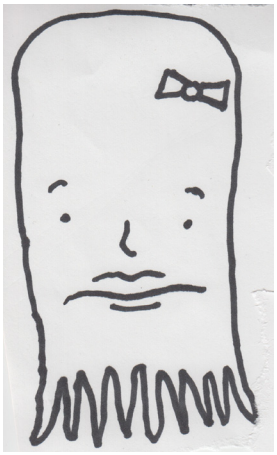
Carl called out to Hector to join him up on the ceiling. Hector perked up a bit midflight and floated over to the ceiling with the greatest of ease.

"Good to see you mate!" said Hector jovially. Carl sensed a warmness in Hector's eight soft eyes and instantly felt comforted in this new situation.

"Any idea where we are?" asked Carl.

"None whatsoever!" said Hector happily. His cavernous stomach growled loudly, and he said: "Do you have

drawn by Ben Batchelder



any fortified water on you?"

"Sorry mate," said Carl.

"Well, we'd better find some!"

"I have a feeling there isn't going to be any more fortified water," said Carl grimly.

"Well then, whatever are we going to eat?" asked Hector.

Hector couldn't smell it but Carl could. He knew the answer from a mile away. Flies.

The other tarantulas never seemed to care. It never seemed to phase them. Perhaps they couldn't hear the begging, the pleading, the screaming. Or worse. Maybe all the others were truly heartless. Carl knew that before too long, more innocent flies were going to have to die.

Carl was deep in thought but he could not think of an answer. Instead he flew away, leaving Hector confused and a little sad up on the ceiling.

Carl landed on the table and signaled for all the tarantulas to join him.

"What can we do," he said, once they were all around him "to find a way out of this place? How can we get back home to the scientist?"

Martin spat at the suggestion. Fuck the scientist, he said, he was sure that he could smell something, but he wasn't sure what or where. That came first. Derrick said he was so hungry and Hector said, "hear, hear!"

Blind Gary suggested they go back into the cooler. "It's better there," he said. "I sense danger out here. I fear something's going to go horribly wrong."

"It's a chance we're going to have to take," Martin urged, his giant fangs glistening off a glare in the linoleum.

Carl reluctantly agreed. "If we don't find food, we're all going to starve. I suggest we split up in pairs and look for food separately. That way we'll cover more ground."

The tarantulas all agreed but since none of them really had a concept of numbers they all just sort of went off and did their own thing.

Hector followed close behind Carl, who meandered for a few minutes before leading them to where he knew the flies were. The scientist had given him a fantastic sense of smell, a great body, and the perfect brain to boot. Carl reflected upon this as he deliberately stalled for time, enjoying what would be his last few blissful moments in the air. He had so much to be thankful for, he figured. And yet, why had the scientist abandoned him so? He felt bitter for the first time, that painful combination of confusion and hurt that tears a moral soul apart. It irked him profoundly. He looked back at Hector, who was flying close behind him, and for the first time felt envy.

When eventually he did bring Hector to the flies he felt shame for the first time.

CHAPTER 3

8 *She had tasted so delicious.*

"Please, please, don't hurt me, no, I didn't do anything, please!"

"I—I'm sorry—I have no choice. What else am I going to eat?"

"Please no, I'll do anything!"

At the time it had been so easy to rationalize, so easy to comprehend. He was the tarantula, she was the fly. There was nothing wrong with that, it wasn't so hard. It was simply the way things were meant to be. The scientist's huge, encouraging eyes, magnified by the power of his thick lenses, shining in the artificial light beckoned him to eat.

"Look, ma'am, I'm going to have to eat you."

The fly didn't seem to understand. Instead of responding she cried and cried and shat herself all over. Disgraceful. It was only right to put her out of her misery. What could it hurt? And besides, it had tasted so delicious.

—

Hector peered over the edge. "What fascinating little buggers! Ha ha! Look at them go! Do you suppose they're like us, in a way?"

Carl fought back tears and looked away. "Yeah, I guess so, Hector."

"Well, let's go tell the others. I'm sure they'll want to know about this."

While Hector flew away to find the others Carl looked down into the fruit bowl at the larva, eating away at the banana happily. The sight of them filled him with disgust, and a horrible sort of hunger. Carl groaned.

At the sound of this one of the larva looked up and started screaming. "Oh Jesus Christ!" is the rough translation of what the larva said, even though they clearly had no concept of the Judeo-Christian faith. That is preposterous.

All the other larvae started screaming. The sound of it made Carl's ears ache.

"Shh-shh-shh! Kids! Be quiet!"

No use. The little white larvae continued to scream.

Out of nowhere, from behind, two fully grown flies lunged at Carl's backside and tried to knock him over. It had little effect. The couple spun out uncontrollably and landed with two separate little plops on opposite ends of the table. When Carl helped them up they seemed dazed and frightened.

"Who are you?" they said, not sure why they were so afraid.

He explained that he was sent here to kill them, and that they would taste delicious, but he had long since come to the realization they were living things who did not deserve to die and so he would try to preserve that life to the best of his ability because life was a precious gift which shouldn't be scorned, as experience had taught him. They didn't seem to fully understand.

"So—you don't what to eat us?" asked Joseph timidly.

"No. I will protect you."

So he spun an enormous web around the banana, protecting them from harm's way. He knew that once they sprouted wings the flies would try to fly away and get caught in the web, so he lined the inside of the web with some mucus which was soft and gooey and easy to escape from. He left a hole on top as per tradition, so as to go in from time to time and check on the family. And when he was done he felt good about himself so he decided to fill his two bulbi with sperma from his abdomen in case any females should come around and happen to admire his web. And this felt extremely nice.

As Carl was doing this he looked up in the distance and saw a lone figure flying towards him. To his slight disappointment, however, it was no female but only Hector. Hector returned to his side with a graceful curtsy.

"Didn't find anybody," said Hector. "Gee, that's a nice web. What's it for?"

Carl, feeling positive about himself and believing completely in the ultimate good in the world, told the truth. "Hector, those are flies in there."

Hector looked confused. Flies, Carl explained, are what normal tarantulas eat. Gary, Martin, Derrick, and all the others all ate flies.

"Even you?" Hector asked.

"Even me," said Carl, "once. But now I'm protecting them. I pity them because I understand that life is a precious gift and who are we to take it away from them. And besides I love them because they are my friends."

"Splendid!" said Hector. "And you are my friend. And together we shall protect these flies."

Carl felt wonderful about the world.

Meanwhile some of the flies from the web indeed started sprouting wings and decided that banana life was no longer enough for them. They wanted to see the world, to do new things, and they were somewhat upset to learn that despite repeated efforts to become more cultured they only wound up covered in phlegm. And they began to organize an intellectual revolution and foment insurrection against their perceived captors. If they could have read they would have started burning books I think.

CHAPTER 4

One night Carl was sleeping on his web and he was dreaming a strange dream in which he was the scientist, mating with Laura, the human wife woman. Suddenly in his dream he felt an odd sensation in his hands and stopped making love to look down at them. Out from the tips of his ten pink fingers swarmed an ocean of tarantulas, tiny black millions swarming all over his naked body and all over Laura's. "Carl!" she screamed.

Carl awoke to find Hector standing at his side. "Carl, the gang's all here. I told them all about how you wanted to protect the flies and they're all totally cool with that."

"You WHAT?" shouted Carl, and stood up erect to see Gary, Martin, and Derrick, standing at the base of the

fruit bowl, looking hungry and perturbed. Derrick's enormous head was dripping some kind of awful pus onto the surface of the table and Martin was looking furious. Gary was absently rubbing his abdomen in hunger.

"Hoarding flies, I see," said Martin, who jerked his way up to the lip of the fruit bowl and glared at Carl intently.

"Did you not think," spat Derrick, "that you would have to share them with us?"

"We're so hungry," said Gary. "We are so fucking hungry."

"Hector," thought Carl, horrified and frightened, "how could you?"

"Everything's going to be fine!" Hector laughed. "Nothing's going to happen! Nothing at all."

Martin drew his fangs and ran towards Carl, who flew skyward at the last second. Martin managed to bite his leg and draw blood.

Huge bespectacled eyes watched as Derrick lunged at Carl midair and hit him square in the abdomen, sending him reeling backwards and falling to the ground. Gary was waiting from the ground and held him down. "It's the only way," said Gary. "It's the only way."

Carl watched in horror as Martin and Derrick ferociously tore through his web and proceeded to devour the entire family of flies one by one. Eventually, out of pure hunger, Gary left his post to join them in their feast. It didn't matter; Carl felt too sick to move. And then he looked over at Hector.

He had never seen Hector like this; a change was happening in him. Slowly but surely, Hector began to show that hungry look in his eyes, began to quake with hunger and anticipation: his first kill. Finally he understood what his enlarged abdomen was made for. Carl saw this and his heart sank.

"You're not going to—join them, are you?" asked Carl, pleading in his voice.

Hector said nothing but simply flew away, leaving Carl devastated and completely alone on the kitchen table.

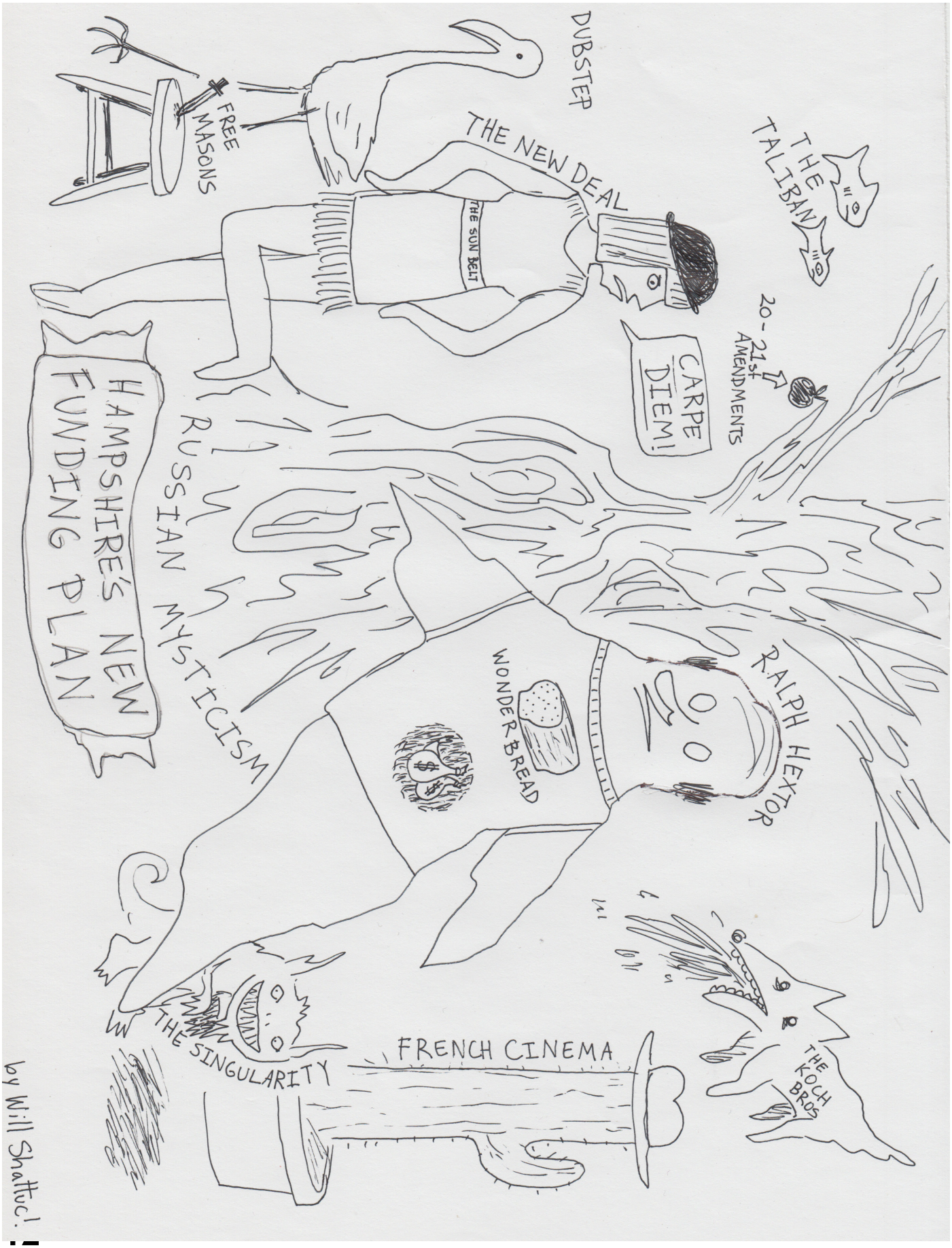
It was a horrible tragedy for the flies, picked off one by one. Martin took great pleasure injecting them with poison, paralyzing them as per tradition so he could eat them all at once. Gary ate so many he lost count and by the way that was the happiest Gary would ever be. Derrick ate quickly and ravenously but Hector wound up eating the most, totaling in at around 351 or so.

And indeed, despite having eaten to their hearts' content, 500 flies is not enough for so many tarantulas, and one by one they all started feeling pretty hungry again and one by one went off to different parts of the home to find more food, and there one by one they all died.

Martin ate a bit of fungus off the insides of Jeremy's tennis shoes but he starved to death in the right one. Jeremy was delighted to find him there.

Gary went out onto the porch and, finding nothing, starved to death. Pete would find him there the following morning.

The 3 other tarantulas were found, oddly enough, inside the Thanksgiving turkey, the details of which are


DUBSTEP
FREE MASONS
THE NEW DEAL
THE SUN BELT
THE TALIBAN
20-21st AMENDMENTS
CARPE DIEM!
HAMPSHIRE'S NEW FUNDING PLAN
RUSSIAN MYSTICISM
WONDER BREAD
RALPH HEXTOR
THE SINGULARITY
FRENCH CINEMA
THE KOCH BROS
by Will Shattuc!

extremely interesting but which you will never be privileged enough to know. Paul ate an entire one without noticing! But he was so drunk.

Derrick found a tasty bedbug in Hilary's bed but starved to death under her pillow.

Did I mention that, despite being dead, they hissed and writhed when you touched them? Really quite an unpleasant sight, though again let me reiterate that Jeremy found it extremely cool. Hilary, on the other hand, did not have the same reaction. After finding Derrick, she stayed awake for about 5 days straight so Pete and Laura had to put her on sleeping pills and after that she never had trouble going to sleep ever again.

As for Hector, Laura found him in her shower one morning. When she saw the beast she screamed out loud. Pete came in immediately, being the good husband that he was, and saw her naked and dripping and frightened in the corner, pointing at the shower head. Clinging to the showerhead was a dead and swollen Hector.

"This will not do," said Pete, "God damned charlatan. This will not do. Let me get a broom."

But when Pete swiped Hector with the broom, Hector didn't move, or rather, his legs didn't move. Everything from his carapace upwards remained intact, clinging dead for dear life onto the showerhead nozzle which Laura had once used so proudly. His enormous abdomen, however, tore right off, and when it hit the ground out flew about 700 living flies, who swarmed the bathroom like a terrible black cloud of life.

EPILOGUE.

Over the next few weeks, despite the Petersons' best manual efforts, the flies continued to proliferate and propagate, expanding, moving, growing in size and area. Soon the house was full of life. Insects were everywhere, on the stairs, in the drawers, on the tables and under the beds. There was nowhere you could look without seeing a fly. Even in your sleep they would land on your eyelids and lay eggs. So don't ever complain about too many flies ever again in your life.

I'm not sure what happened after that. If they had any practical sense in them at all the Petersons would probably have hired a legitimate exterminator this time around, and much to the chagrin of their insatiable son, got rid of all their silly insects once and for all. But maybe they just moved.

As for Carl, the outcome is equally uncertain. Some say he spent the rest of his life learning how to read so that he could find Mongo, that unusual scientist, but I find this extremely unlikely; intelligent as he was he was still irreversibly a spider. Find me a spider who can count to seven and I will entertain this notion with some level of seriousness.

Some legends say he escaped the house and died alone of heartbreak, betrayed by Hector and all his friends, never knowing what a humble mission Hector's simple, gracious body had served, and what an amazing friend he had been after all.

Or he could have died of starvation like the others. But what a morbid, dreary end that would be for such a fine protagonist as Carl. Why should I leave you with a story like that, dear audience? It would be wrong.

Me, I like to think that during that awful carnage there was at least one larva left alive. Perhaps he was strange or unsavory looking or maybe he just found a good hiding place. But whatever it was, and I don't base this on any rational idea but rather the faith of my unreliable convictions, dear reader, and I say this so as not to deceive you. But whatever it was that saved the boy I have a feeling that he survived, and if he did survive it was all thanks to Carl. Carl, the tarantula who could love.



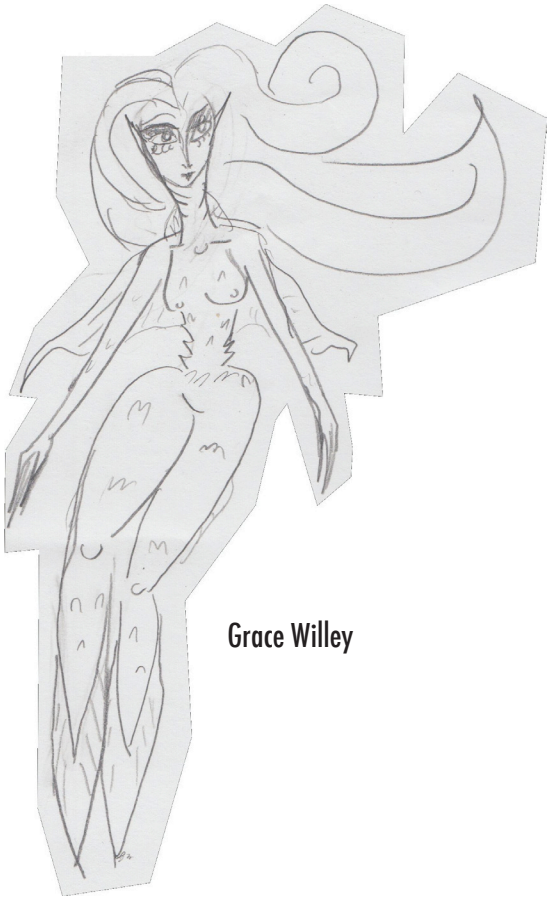
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Grace Willey

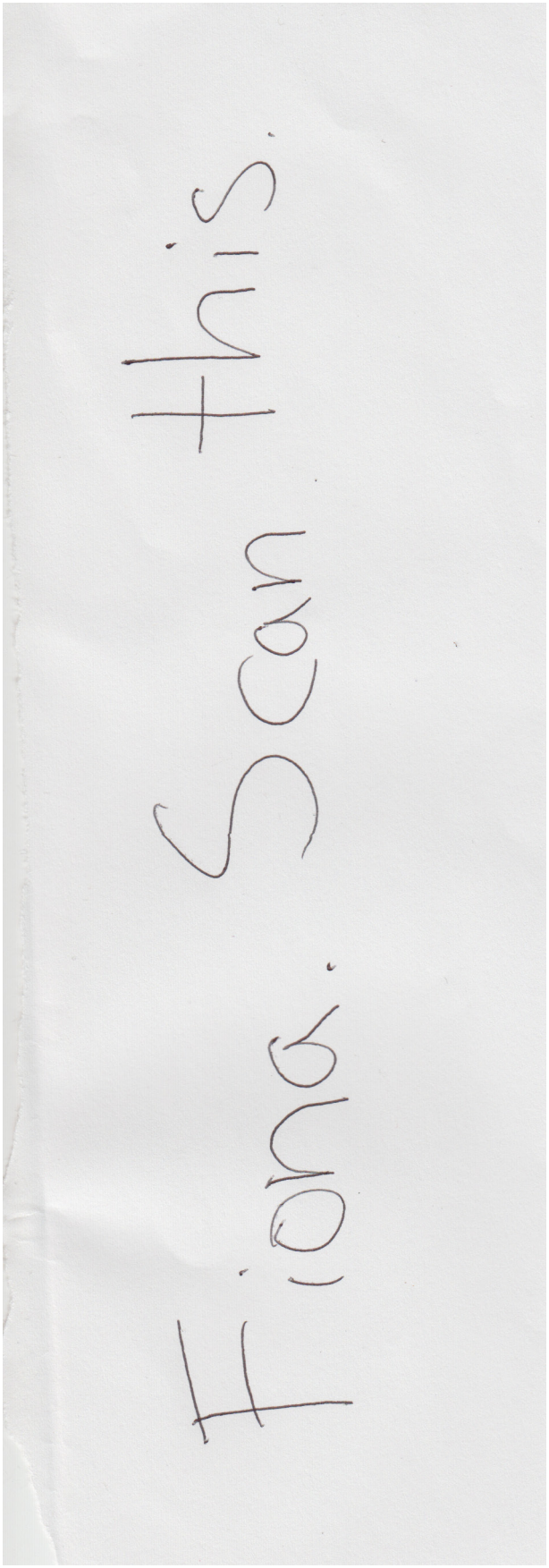
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Submitted by Julia Jacobs
on behalf of customerservice@hampshire.edu.

3 puzzles for the omen.

By Connor Gallagher.

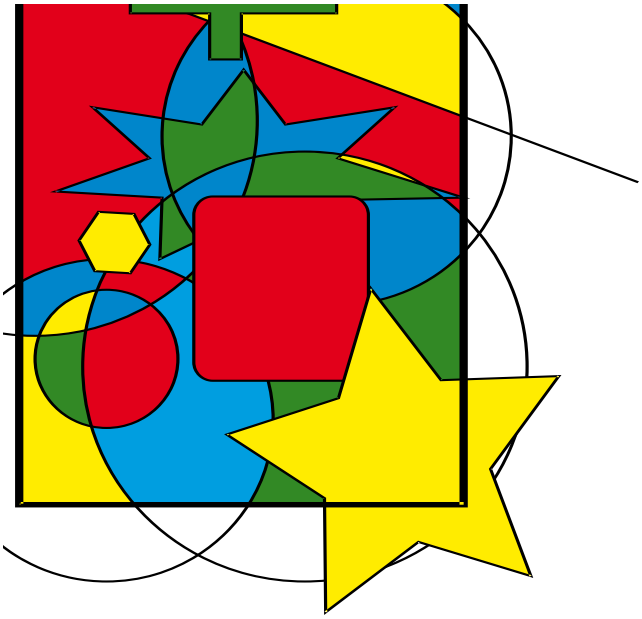
Puzzle 1. (medium)

We have seven prisoners in a jail cell. The cell is overcrowded, so the jailer comes up with a way to get rid of some of the prisoners. The jailer has a bunch of party hats. The hats come in seven different colors, but there are at least seven of each color. The jailer then puts seven of the hats on the prisoners how ever he likes. Every prisoner can see the color of the other six hats, but not the color of his own hat. The prisoners cannot communicate with each other once the hats have been placed, or else they will all be killed on the spot. Each prisoner looks around, and then writes down a color. If any one prisoner writes down the colo they are all set free. If no prisoner writes down the color of his hat correctly, they are all killed on the spot. They are all allowed time before hand to discuss strategy. Is there a strategy they can use to guarantee to all be set free? r of his own hat,

Puzzle 2. (Harder)

Now we have a really crowded jail. The jailer now has 100 prisoners, and the he again needs to get rid of some prisoners. The jailer sets up a room with 100 boxes, labeled 1 through 100. Inside each box is the name of a prisoner. The prisoners are let into the room one at a time. Each prisoner may open and look inside up to 50 boxes. If a prisoner opens a box and finds his own name, he is set free. If he does not, he is killed. The prisoners may discuss strategy again before hand. But the prisoner's may not communicate once they are let into the room. What is the best strategy to maximize the chance that they all go free?

Puzzle 3. (hard, $100 prize to be paid by Connor Gallagher for a correct answer. No really $100)



A king is dividing his kingdom between four of his subjects. He begins by drawing a bunch of curves and lines through his kingdom, dividing it into a bunch of contiguous regions. Prove that no matter how he divides his kingdom, he can always assign regions to these four subject so that no two adjacent regions go to the same subject. See the figure for an example of such a division.





"...Hey Mordecai?"
"...yeah?"
"Nothing never mind."

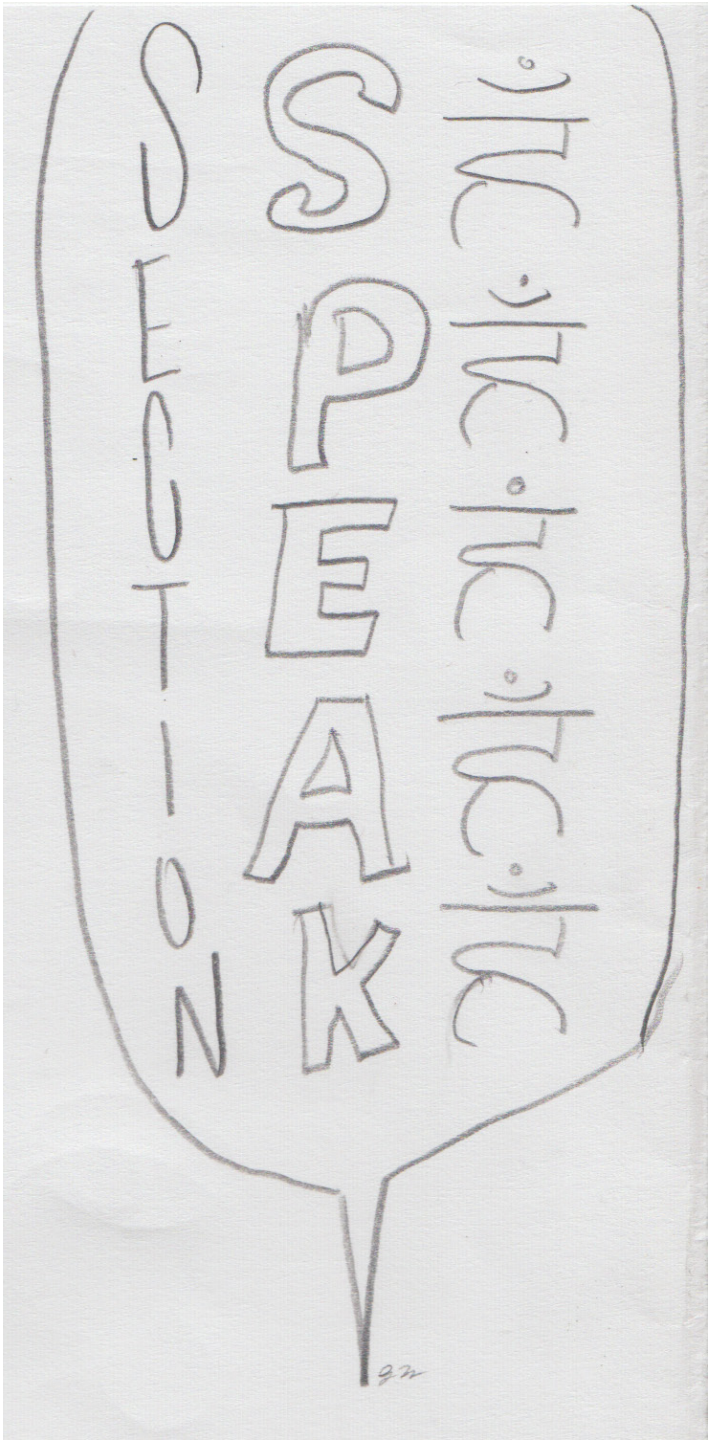
Your winner from last week...
Ben Floss!



The new picture! More Goya! Send your captions to omen@hampshire.edu!

And a BRAND NEW Caption contest!

Will Shattuc

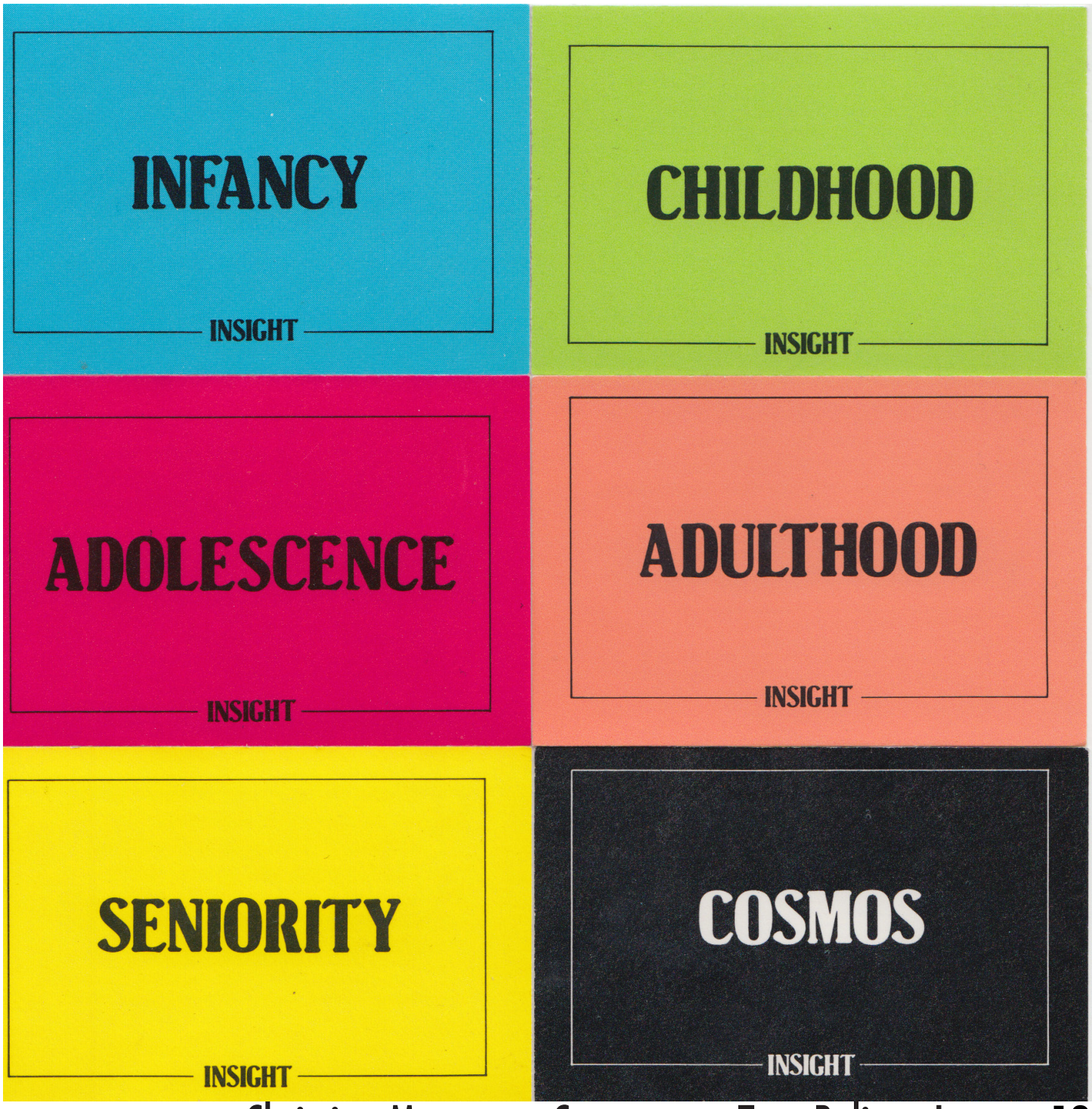


Edited by Will "A Brand New Look For AmericA" Shattuc

Always Words Once Spoken; Always Words Spoken Once

Words fell down, dropped out;
They swirled through, caressing and crying.
Words, those words of unashamed clout,
We washed each other with.
The night of words we remember,
The night a flame was lit;
Of which we wish to preserve an ember
To realise what comes of it.
Yet, What's this you say?
"Well, did you mean them?"
Bela Virino, please do not play-
Words then composed only one flawed gem.
For new words are still to be spoken;
New barriers yet to be broken.

Ian W Sloan


INFANCY
INSIGHT
CHILDHOOD
INSIGHT
ADOLESCENCE
INSIGHT
ADULTHOOD
INSIGHT
SENIORITY
INSIGHT
COSMOS
INSIGHT

drawn by Ben Batchelder



Q Which of the following children would be most willing to show his/her schoolwork to his/her peers?
a. A Soviet child
b. An American child
c. A West German child

A **A Soviet child.**

REF: Bronfenbrenner, U. (1979) *Two Worlds of Childhood: U.S. and U.S.S.R.*, Russel Sage, New York.

Q Who is more likely to become attached to a teddy bear, a baby from Chicago, Illinois or one from Bombay, India?

A **The American baby.** (The highest incidence of childhood attachment to inanimate objects occurs in the Anglo-Saxon cultures, possibly because weaning in these cultures occurs earlier.)

REF: Hong, K. M. & Townes, B. D. (1976) "Infants' attachment to inanimate objects: A cross-cultural study", *Journal of the American Academy of Child Psychiatry, 15*, 49-61.

Q A woman bank-teller who is earning less money than her male co-workers decides to join a militant feminist group. When will she feel angriest at the world, just before she joins the group or just afterwards?

A **Just afterwards.**

REF: Feierabend, I. & Feierabend, R. (1972) "Systematic conditions of political aggression: An application of frustration-aggression theory", in I. Feierabend, R. Feierabend & T.R. Gurr (Eds.), *Anger, Violence and Politics: Theories and Research*, Prentice Hall, Englewood Cliffs, N.J.

Q True or False?
The average teenage girl will report having the same number of personal problems at age 18 as at age 13.

A **True.** (Although the problems are considerable, they tend to maintain a steady level.)

REF: Nicholson, S.I. & Antill, J.K. (1981) "Personal problems of adolescents and their relationship to peer acceptance and sex-role identity", *Journal of Youth and Adolescence, 10* (4), 309-325.

Q A 40 year old bachelor goes to bed determined to dream about having intercourse. According to Freud, what will he probably end up dreaming about instead?
a. pulling a branch off a tree
b. playing the piano
c. getting run over by a horse-cart

A **Getting run over by the horse-cart.**

REF: Freud, S., (1961) Lecture X, "Symbolism in Dreams", in *Introductory Lectures on Psycho-Analysis* Standard Edition (15) The Hogarth Press, London.

Q Who is more likely to worry about her appearance, a 30 year old woman or a 70 year old woman?

A **The 70 year old.** (Older adult females tend to be more egocentric and introverted than young adult females.)

REF: Cameron, P. (1967) "Introversion & Egocentricity among the aged" *Journal of Gerontology, 22*, 465-468.

Third International Conference on Bears

Paper 6

Observations on the Breeding of Captive Black Bears, *Ursus americanus*

by JEANNE C. LUDLOW
*Department of Psychology, University of Tennessee, Knoxville, Tennessee 37916**

INTRODUCTION

Although breeding of black bears is rarely seen in the wild, black bears have bred successfully in captivity (Lucas 1970-1971; Duplaix-Hall 1972-1973). Surprisingly, there have been no descriptions of these matings. This paper reports on the breeding of a pair of captive black bears observed in 1973.

METHODS

The bears were kept in the Goldrush Junction Amusement Park, Pigeon Forge, Tennessee, just outside the Great Smoky Mountain National Park. They were acquired from the Gallop Animal Farm, Vermont, as unrelated cubs, in 1970, and had been kept together since. The enclosure for the bears was approximately 25 m × 80 m. A shelter in the south end of the enclosure had two separate sheds on each side with a roof attaching the two. The male and female were individually housed during the night. The bears had no access to these sheds during the day, but could lie between them under the center roof for shade or shelter. There were no trees in the enclosure, but the west and north sides were bordered with forest. A stream about one meter wide traversed the north end of the enclosure.

The bears were fed Purina Calf chow, given individually into each side of their shelter. Water was available from the stream, but only during the day when the bears were free to leave the shelter.

A super-8 mm ciné camera (Nizo S-80) and a 35 mm still camera (Minolta SRT-100) were used to film the bears' activity. In analyzing the data, the three movie films were viewed in blocks of 10 frames, to determine frequency of behaviors.

RESULTS

The following is a composite description of the mating behaviors observed July 2 and 4. Once the female was receptive, the male and female showed little courtship behavior prior to copulation. The male approached the female, sniffing the ground near her, and then sniffing or licking her head, trunk and external genitalia. The male mounted her from behind at an angle with one paw placed mid-way up her back. The male then grasped her stomach with both forepaws and lifted himself up on two legs. While mounting he often bit her neck (Fig. 1), behind the ears, and to one side. The neck bite was intermittently renewed throughout copulation. Occasionally, the male would bite



drawn by Grace Willey

* Present address: Greenhill Road, Flourtown, Pennsylvania 19031

Charles Haigh Wants You To Learn!

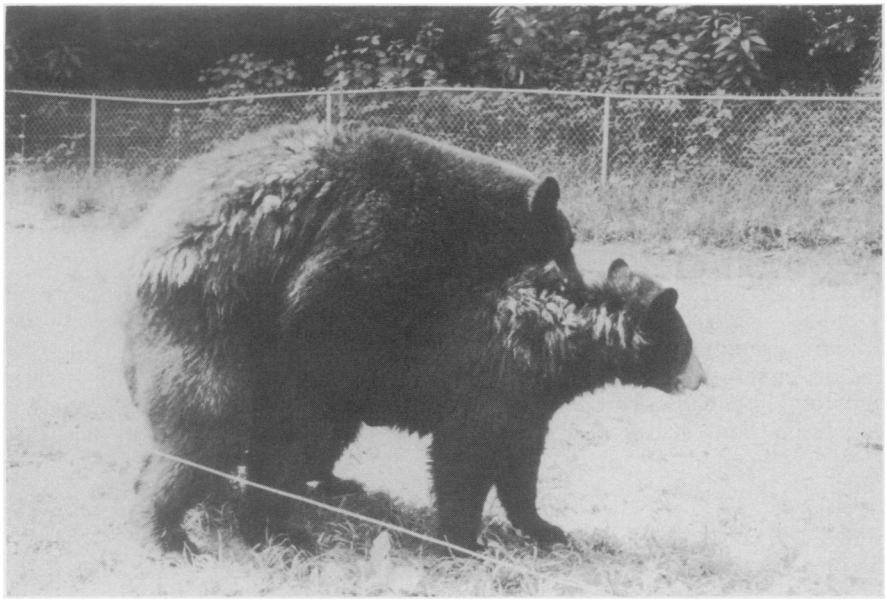


Fig. 1. Neckbite.

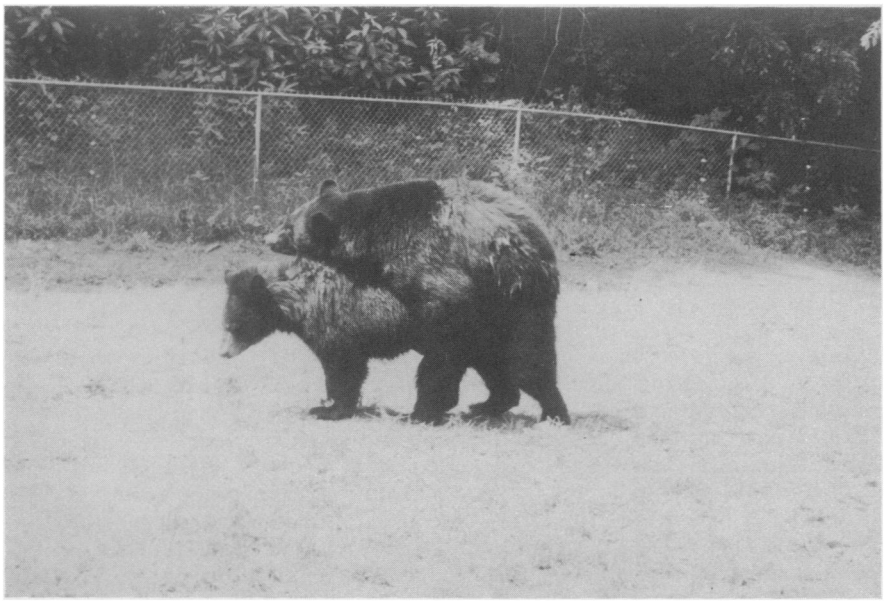


Fig. 2. Male's head held above female's back.



Table 1. Analysis of films of mating behaviors on 2 July 1973, 10:15 A.M.

Male						Female			
Mounted	Bite Female	One Paw Down	Head Down	Paw on Female's Back	Quiver	Walk	Stand	Bite Male	Head Low
				FILM 1					
361*	66	6	43	20	--	124	237	1	43
				FILM 2					
359*	25	16	20	54	25	147	212	1	56

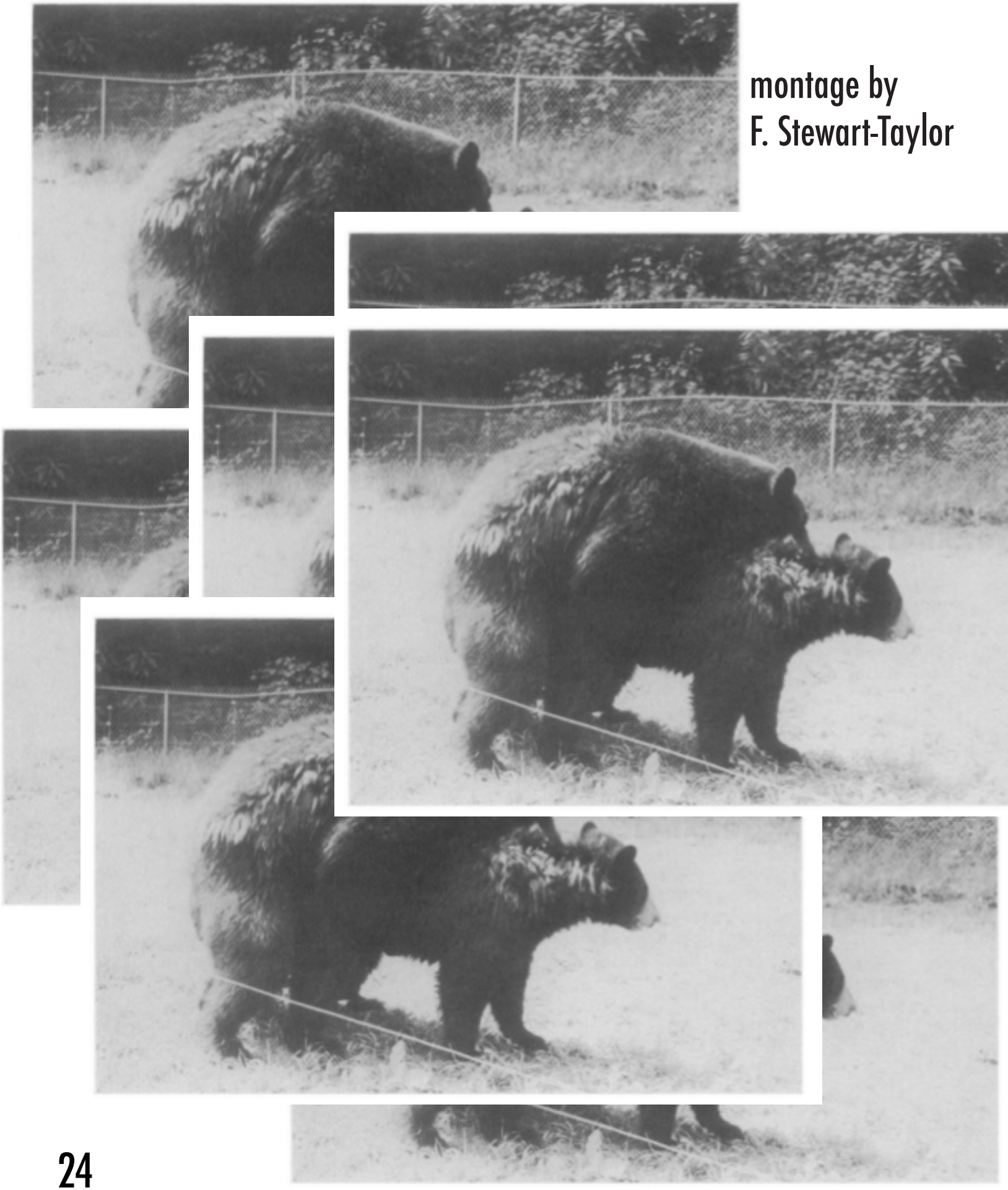
*Activity at every tenth frame is recorded as totals for each film, thus total frames in film 1 = 3610; total frames in film 2 = 3590.

Table 2. Analysis of film of mating behaviors on 4 July 1973, 10:30 A.M.

Total No. of 10th frames viewed	Male						Female								
	Mount	Follow	Bite	Lay	Mo. W	Mo. St	W	St	Lie	Sit	Bite	SC	Tail Lift	Quiver	Str
37	16	1	18	2	14	3	9	5	3	1	6	8	2	--	--
33	--	--	--	33	--	-	12	4	3	15	-	13	--	--	--
22	--	--	--	22	--	-	--	--	22	--	-	--	--	22	--
40	--	--	--	40	--	-	--	--	40	--	-	--	--	11	5
27	--	--	--	27	--	-	10	4	12	--	-	1	2	--	--
120	--	--	--	120	--	-	6	74	--	42	-	29	--	4	51

Activity at every tenth frame is recorded as totals for the film. There were six noncontinuous sequences. Total frames in film = 3120.

Key to abbreviations used: W Walk; St Stand; SC Sniff Close (nose close to object); Str Stretch (back or front legs out, stiff); Mo Mounted



montage by
F. Stewart-Taylor

the female's face. During the earlier stages of copulation, behavior patterns most often seen in the male were biting the female and holding his head down by her side. The female stood still while mounted (Table 1). During the later parts of copulation, more frequent behaviors were the following: the male rested one paw on the ground or by the female's side, and he placed one or both paws up on the female's back; the female walked and sniffed or scratched the ground while mounted (Table 2).

When the male was not biting the female's neck, his head was either resting on her back, pressed against her side, hung down near her side or held above her back (Fig. 2). The female did not remain stationary for the entire copulation, but walked several meters every few minutes. The female both initiated and returned bites towards the male, biting his ears, head or forepaws. While mounted, the female might walk, look around, sniff the ground, eat grass, drink water, or stand still with her head up.

After mounting, the male assumed an arched position with both forepaws pressed in against the female's pelvic area. His hind legs were usually bent somewhat, although on occasion he would stretch them back and out or go up 'on his toes.' Once mounted and positioned on the center of the female's back, he began pelvic thrusts, occasionally varied by circular movements. These continued whether the female was stationary or moving. After several minutes of copulation, the male might remove one forepaw and either hang it down by the female's side, rest it on the ground, or place it on her back. While standing, the female's legs were in a braced position, her back slightly arched. Both bears panted heavily during mating and at times stood with mouths open. Once, the male stood on his left hind foot while resting on the female. Of the seven mounts observed, three were timed. They lasted 3'10", 30" and 29'0". It was impossible to determine accurately when intromission and ejaculation occurred. However, during one copulatory sequence, the male was mounted on the female and quivered every 25-30 seconds. He 'hung' on to the female until the quivering began, then grasped her in the pelvic area and arched his back. The mean interval between quiverings was 30 seconds. This particular behavior was observed only once, and no further mating occurred on this day. Meyer-Holzapfel (1957) reports that in brown bears it is during quivering that ejaculation occurs.

Copulation was usually terminated by the female walking and the male 'standing down.' The male then sat or lay flat on his side. Several times he walked to the stream and lay in the water for up to ten minutes. The female was more active than the male after mating and appeared restless: lying down, then walking around the enclosure, sniffing the ground or the male. It was after copulation that the female exhibited quiverings or muscle spasms of her hindquarters. She did this while walking around the enclosure, standing, or lying down. When this occurred while walking, she would stand, with apparent muscle spasms twitching her body from the pelvic area back . If the quivering occurred while she was lying down, she would rise and walk a meter or two. At times her back legs were extended stiffly out and back. During one post-copulatory sequence, her hind legs gave way five times. The quiverings appeared to be due to exhaustion, but may be related to the success of breeding by aiding the sperms' course up the vagina.

DISCUSSION

In general the mating behavior of bears is similar in some ways to the canids (the mount and the pelvic thrusts) and in other ways to the felids (the neck bite)

(Ewer 1973). The duration of successful mounts and intromissions was about 20 to 30 minutes. Copulation occurs while both animals are standing, and there does not appear to be a copulatory tie (as in canids, where the male and female stand for over 10 minutes in a locked position). However, several reports state that the bear has a penis bone which maintains the joining of the pair for a relatively long time (Meyer-Holzapfel 1957). The mating of black bears appears to be very similar to that of the brown bears (as described by Meyer-Holzapfel 1957): mating foreplay involves licking the female's face and sex organs; actual mating lasts more than 15 minutes; copulation occurs on several successive days; and, when the female is no longer receptive, she moves away from the male.

The breeding of the two black bears filmed was successful, and two cubs were born in early February, 1974. The gestation period was about 30 weeks.

ADDITIONAL NOTE

Several participants in the Binghamton Conference mentioned that they had observed breeding of bears in the wild: Lyn Rogers, Univ. of Minn.: *americanus;* Frederick C. Dean, Univ. of Alaska: *U. arctos horribilis;* Mike Luque, Utah State Univ.:*U. arctos*. Rogers observed mating from a plane and from the ground; Luque noted brown bears quiver two to three times.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

This work represents part of a Masters thesis submitted to the Graduate School, University of Tennessee, Knoxville. I thank Gordon M. Burghardt for his contributions and advice in this study. I am also grateful to Bob Jordan and the Goldrush Junction personnel for their assistance during my summer's research. This work was supported by NIH grants MH-20565 and MH-15707 awarded to G. M. Burghardt.

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Submited by Connor Ghallagher

MY Immortal Chapters 1-4

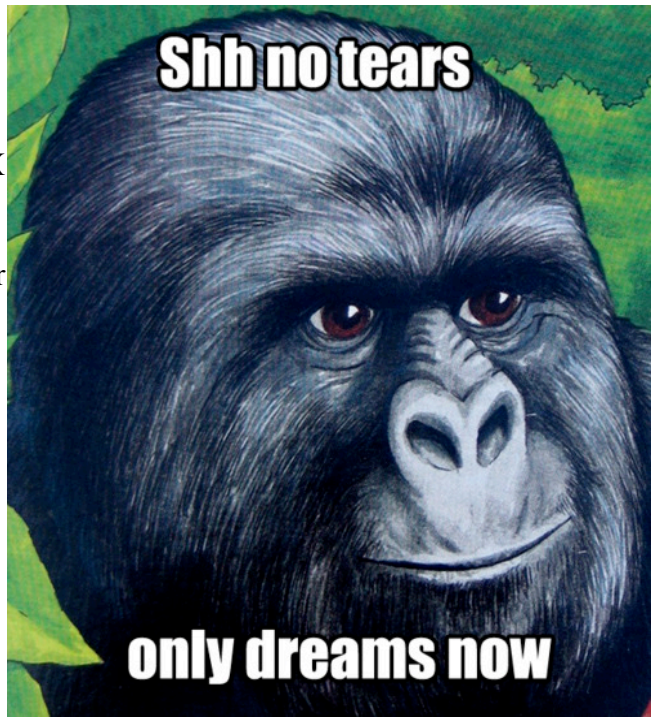
Written by Anonymous inter-tube dweller.

Submitted By Connor Gallagher

Submission Note: NSFW. really awesomely bad fan-fic coming at you. Possible trigger warning for sex.

I could never aspire to such greatness. You might have heard of *my immortal,* you might not but all the same, we are now passing in to dream time. Just let go and let the waves of finely crafted mysticism wash over you. The author takes a unique approach to grammar, spelling, and continuity read at your own risk.

Chapter 1.



XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

Hi my name is Ebony Dark'ness Dementia Raven Way and I have long ebony black hair (that's how I got my name) with purple streaks and red tips that reaches my mid-back and icy blue eyes like limpid tears and a lot of people tell me I look like Amy Lee (AN: if u don't know who she is get da hell out of here!). I'm not related to Gerard Way but I wish I was because he's a major fucking hottie. I'm a vampire but my teeth are straight and white. I have pale white skin. I'm also a witch, and I go to a magic school called Hogwarts in England where I'm in the seventh year (I'm seventeen). I'm a goth (in case you couldn't tell) and I wear mostly black. I love Hot Topic and I buy all my clothes from there. For example today I was wearing a black corset with matching lace around it and a black leather miniskirt, pink fishnets and black combat boots. I was wearing black lipstick, white foundation, black eyeliner and red eye shadow. I was walking outside Hogwarts. It was snowing and raining so there was no sun, which I was very happy about. A lot of preps stared at me. I put up my middle finger at them.

"Hey Ebony!" shouted a voice. I looked up. It was…. Draco Malfoy!

"What's up Draco?" I asked.

"Nothing." he said shyly.

But then, I heard my friends call me and I had to go away.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

AN: IS it good? PLZ tell me fangz!

Chapter 2.

AN: Fangz 2 bloodytearz666 4 helpin me wif da chapta! BTW preps stop flaming ma story ok!

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX666XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

The next day I woke up in my bedroom. It was snowing and raining again. I opened the door of my coffin and drank some blood from a bottle I had. My coffin was black ebony and inside it was hot pink velvet with black lace on the ends. I got out of my coffin and took of my giant MCR t-shirt which I used for pajamas. Instead, I put on a black leather dress, a pentagram necklace, combat boots and black fishnets on. I put on four pairs of earrings in my pierced ears, and put my hair in a kind of messy bun.

My friend, Willow (AN: Raven dis is u!) woke up then and grinned at me. She flipped her long waist-length raven black hair with pink streaks and opened her forest-green eyes. She put on her Marilyn Manson t-shirt with a black mini, fishnets and pointy high-heeled boots. We put on our makeup (black lipstick white foundation and black eyeliner.)

“OMFG, I saw you talking to Draco Malfoy yesterday!” she said excitedly.

“Yeah? So?” I said, blushing.

“Do you like Draco?” she asked as we went out of the Slytherin common room and into the Great Hall.

“No I so fucking don’t!” I shouted.

“Yeah right!” she exclaimed. Just then, Draco walked up to me.

“Hi.” he said.

“Hi.” I replied flirtily.

“Guess what.” he said.

“What?” I asked.

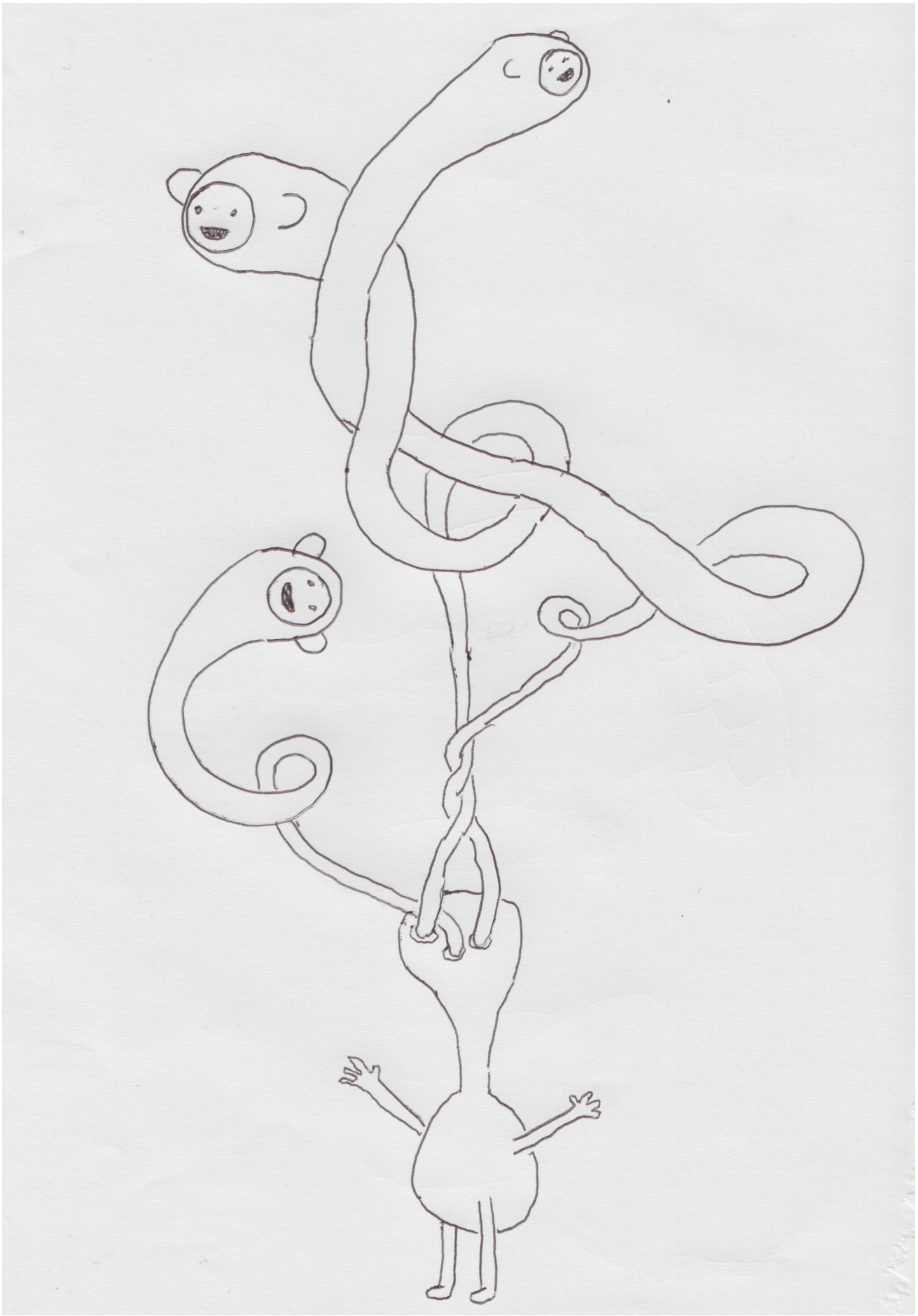
“Well, Good Charlotte are having a concert in Hogsmeade.” he told me.

“Oh. My. Fucking. God!” I screamed. I love GC. They are my favorite band, besides MCR.

“Well…. do you want to go with me?” he asked.

I gasped.

Chapter 3.



drawn by Ben Batchelder

AN: STOP FLAMMING DA STORY PREPZ OK! odderwize fangs 2 da goffik ppl 4 da good reveiws! FANGS AGEN RAVEN! oh yeah, BTW I don't own dis or da lyrics 4 Good Chralotte.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

On the night of the concert I put on my black lace-up boots with high heels. Underneath them were ripped red fishnets. Then I put on a black leather minidress with all this corset stuff on the back and front. I put on matching fishnet on my arms. I straightened my hair and made it look all spiky. I felt a little depressed then, so I slit one of my wrists. I read a depressing book while I waited for it to stop bleeding and I listened to some GC. I painted my nails black and put on TONS of black eyeliner. Then I put on some black lipstick. I didn't put on foundation because I was pale anyway. I drank some human blood so I was ready to go to the concert.

I went outside. Draco was waiting there in front of his flying car. He was wearing a Simple Plan t-shirt (they would play at the show too), baggy black skater pants, black nail polish and a little eyeliner (AN: A lot fo kewl boiz wer it ok!).

"Hi Draco!" I said in a depressed voice.

"Hi Ebony." he said back. We walked into his flying black Mercedes-Benz (the license plate said 666) and flew to the place with the concert. On the way we listened excitedly to Good Charlotte and Marilyn Manson. We both smoked cigarettes and drugs. When we got there, we both hopped out of the car. We went to the mosh pit at the front of the stage and jumped up and down as we listened to Good Charlotte.

"You come in cold, you're covered in blood
They're all so happy you've arrived
The doctor cuts your cord, hands you to your mom
She sets you free into this life." sang Joel (I don't own da lyrics 2 dat song).

"Joel is so fucking hot." I said to Draco, pointing to him as he sung, filling the club with his amazing voice.

Suddenly Draco looked sad.

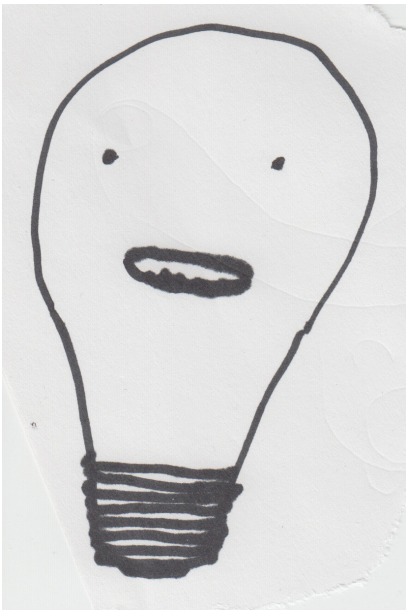
"What's wrong?" I asked as we moshed to the music. Then I caught on.

"Hey, it's ok I don't like him better than YOU!" I said.

"Really?" asked Draco sensitively and he put his arm around me all protective.

"Really." I said. "Besides I don't even know Joel and he's going out with Hilary fucking Duff. I fucking hate that little bitch." I said disgustedly, thinking of her ugly blonde face.

The night went on really well, and I had a great time. So did Draco. After the concert, we drank some beer and asked Benji and Joel for their autographs and photos with them. We got GC concert tees. Draco and I crawled back into the Mercedes-Benz, but Draco didn't go back into Hogwarts, instead he drove the car into…… the Forbidden Forest!



drawn by Ben Batchelder

Chapter 4.

AN: I sed stup flaming ok ebony's name is ENOBY nut mary su OK! DRACO IS SOO IN LUV wif her dat he is acting defrent! dey nu eechodder b4 ok!

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX666XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

"DRACO!" I shouted. "What the fuck do you think you are doing?"

Draco didn't answer but he stopped the flying car and he walked out of it. I walked out of it too, curiously.

"What the fucking hell?" I asked angrily.

"Ebony?" he asked.

"What?" I snapped.

Draco leaned in extra-close and I looked into his gothic red eyes (he was wearing color contacts) which revealed so much depressing sorrow and evilness and then suddenly I didn't feel mad anymore.

And then…… suddenly just as I Draco kissed me passionately. Draco climbed on top of me and we started to make out keenly against a tree. He took of my top and I took of his clothes. I even took of my bra. Then he put his thingie into my you-know-what and we did it for the first time.

"Oh! Oh! Oh! " I screamed. I was beginning to get an orgasm. We started to kiss everywhere and my pale body became all warm. And then….

"WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING YOU MOTHERFUKERS!"

It was…….Dumbledore!



all drawings from here to the end by Ben Batchelder

Omegle Conversation at 3 am

Submitted by Ben Batchelder (You:)

You're now chatting with a random stranger. Say hi!
Stranger: USA> rest of world
You: really?
Stranger: Yeah,
You: you think usa is best
You: why
Stranger: 1st to the moon
You: so?
Stranger: 3 probes to mars in 8 years
Stranger: best cars
You: debatable
Stranger: we control 2/3 of the world economy
You: so?
Stranger: we made china and japan
You: no
Stranger: yeah.
You: no
Stranger: without our billionairs giving jobs and economic support
Stranger: they're nothing.
You: ok but
You: you're assuming that money is what makes a person or country good
Stranger: It is.
You: i fundamentally disagree
Stranger: China is a horrible place.
You: there's a lot of rich assholes
You: and a lot of poor people who are great people
Stranger: more like poor people in poverty.
You: yes
You: who might just be wonderful people
Stranger: No chinese are rude.
Stranger: arrogent.
You: every chinese person is rude.
Stranger: scum of the earth
You: wow
You: ok
You: so
You: really?
Stranger: China killed more people than stalin and hitle
Stranger: hitler*
You: how old are you?
Stranger: 23
You: i'm 21 pleased to meet you
You: china's not a person
You: stalin and hitler are
Stranger: Chinas government.
Stranger: Mao.
Stranger: China is what 1000 years old?
You: what about the chinese people who aren't in power
Stranger: they're responsible for the deaths of nearly a billion people.
Stranger: they're horrible.
You: are they responsible
You: ?
Stranger: yeah they are.
You: how
Stranger: and shit just got worse in 1911.
You: 1911
Stranger: it's been slow now.
Stranger: but they wanna invade japan and taiwan.
You: are you afraid of china
Stranger: Nope.
You: sounds like you are
Stranger: i just don't like them.
You: you might be a racist :\
Stranger: How?
You: well
You: for starters
You: you just said you didn't like chinese people
Stranger: i never said i didn't like asians



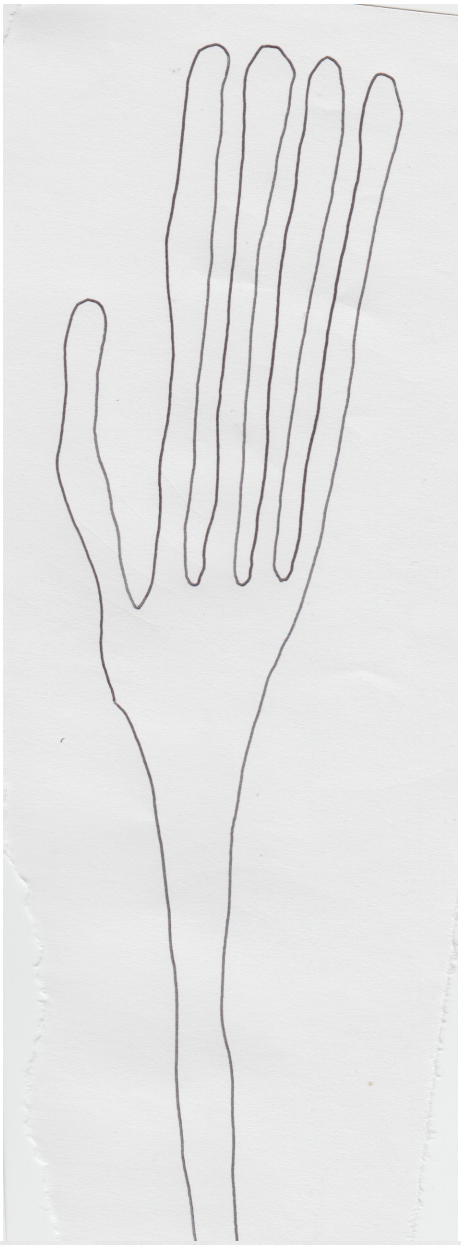
Stranger: i just don't like chinese.
You: oy vey
You: can't tell if you're trolling or not
Stranger: i'm not
You: dude go to china
Stranger: No.
You: what's that mark twain quote
You: about how travel destroys bigotry
Stranger: polluted slum dump.
Stranger: everyone i know who's went there hated it.
You: so poverty makes you bad?
Stranger: It's almost as bad as going to an islamic republic country
You: what if you're born into poverty
You: is there no hope for you?
Stranger: Nope.
You: that's a lot of people you hate
Stranger: people in poverty are scum
Stranger: they know they shouldn't add on the population
Stranger: but they have like 10 kids
Stranger: all just to starve.
Stranger: poor people are idiots.
You: that's a lot of people
Stranger: people in poverty are cancer to the world.
Stranger: there lack of logic offends me.
You: i think you're angry and afraid
You: and not very cultured
Stranger: culture?
Stranger: what culture?
Stranger: culture doesn't exist.
You: what's your favorite music
Stranger: don't like music.
You: wow
You: art?
Stranger: Nope.
Stranger: see no point in it.
You: what do you like?
You: you're an interesting person btw i just want you to know that
Stranger: I hate everything.
You: really
Stranger: yeah.
You: you hate america?
Stranger: Nope.
Stranger: i hate everything except america.
You: canada?
Stranger: pedophile country.
You: what's wrong with england
Stranger: oppresive.
Stranger: they need a camera to tell them where to throw their trash.
You: do you hate black people
Stranger: most of them
Stranger: they're lazy and have lots of kids for money.
You: do you hate hispanics
Stranger: they're pretty dirty.
You: what about asians
Stranger: I hate eastern asians like malaysia, thailand, phillipines
Stranger: and i already told you how much i hate china.
Stranger: i hate japan to kinda, i like taiwan though.
You: do you hate religion
Stranger: Yes.
You: what about atheists
Stranger: Hate them to.
You: what are you
Stranger: Nothing.
You: atheist?
Stranger: i don't need that shit.
You: agnostic?
Stranger: people who do are weak minded.
Stranger: No.
Stranger: i'm not an athiest agnostic nothing.
You: well you have to be either religious or not
Stranger: i believe in being human
You: me too actually
Stranger: what does not mean?
Stranger: why do you have to be religious?
You: some people don't believe in god

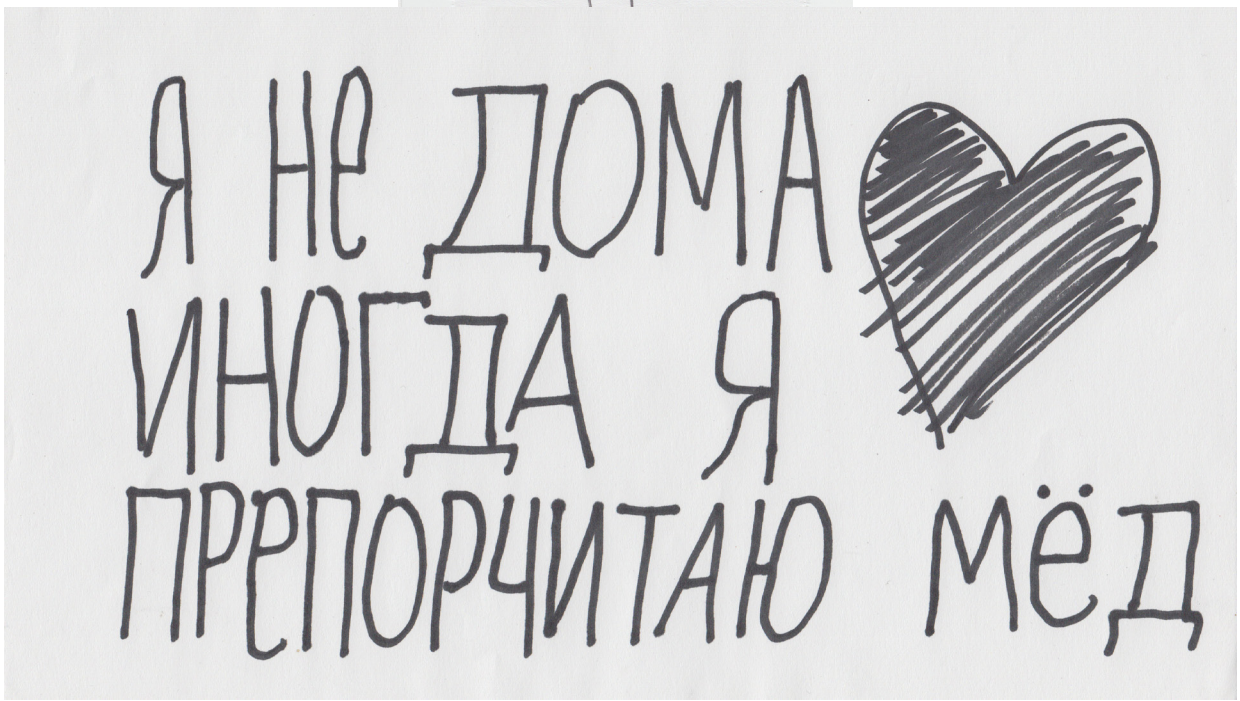
You: do you?
Stranger: where has religion gottan us?
Stranger: 2000 years of genocide?
You: do you believe in god?
Stranger: No.
You: then sir you are an atheist
Stranger: why?
You: that's what that means
Stranger: oh because the greek.
Stranger: fuck the greek
Stranger: and there stupid idealogies.
You: english is full of greek
You: do you hate the english language?
Stranger: why am i an athiest?
Stranger: why can't i believe in humanity?
You: you can
You: but you said you didn't believe in god
You: an atheist is anybody who doesn't believe in god
Stranger: you sound like an extremist.
You: i'm an atheist too :)
Stranger: did you know the name jesus is 900 years old?
Stranger: because the letter J is 1200 years old?
You: christianity is pretty weird
Stranger: therefore jesus doesn't exist.
Stranger: they claim hes 2123 years old.
You: what about 9/11
You: do you hate the terrorists
Stranger: Yes.
Stranger: i hate muslims in gerneral
Stranger: they're nutty.
You: do you hate the twin towers?
Stranger: trick question.
Stranger: i never really cared about them
You: me either
Stranger: never did before and still don't
You: yeah me too
You: do you hate the people who died though?
Stranger: No even though i didn't know anybody.
You: do you love anybody?
Stranger: Depends
You: on what
Stranger: on the person.
Stranger: I don't believe in love or hate.
You: interesting
You: well it sounds like you definitely believe in hate
Stranger: they both are hypocritical.
Stranger: I do.
You: are you a hypocrite then?
Stranger: Am i?
You: you tell me
Stranger: sure.
Stranger: who isn't?
You: true
You: very true
Stranger: everything has double standards.
You: do you hate yourself
You: ?
Stranger: Yes.
You: :(
You: do you believe in human emotion
Stranger: Not really.
Stranger: Humans don't have emotions.
You: how is that possible?
You: you've never felt sad or happy?
Stranger: they try to but they don't.
You: if your mom dies you don't feel sad?
Stranger: they only get emotions when it happens to them or somebody they know.
Stranger: other than that they don't give a shit.
You: if you find 200 dollars you don't feel happy?
Stranger: I avoid money.
You: also pride is an emotion
You: don't you feel pride for the usa?
Stranger: Yes.
Stranger: just like you feel pride in your country.
You: i don't really...
You: not unconditionally anyway
Stranger: do you like when people insult

your country?
You: i'm from the usa
You: and i don't really mind
Stranger: well still
You: i know they're not talking about me
Stranger: My point.
Stranger: But what if they were?
Stranger: how would you feel?
You: well unless they hurt me physically i wouldn't really care
You: personal attacks don't mean much to me anyway
You: because i feel good about myself
Stranger: You clearly are an atheist.
You: yeah lol you too
You: do you hate dogs?
You: and cats?
Stranger: Yes.
Stranger: and Yes
Stranger: partly because i'm allergic.
You: do you hate every animal?
Stranger: pretty much.
Stranger: they're a pain in the ass.
You: what do you enjoy in life
You: food?
You: do you hate hamburgers? and steak?
Stranger: i like steak.
You: me too
Stranger: hamburgers not so much

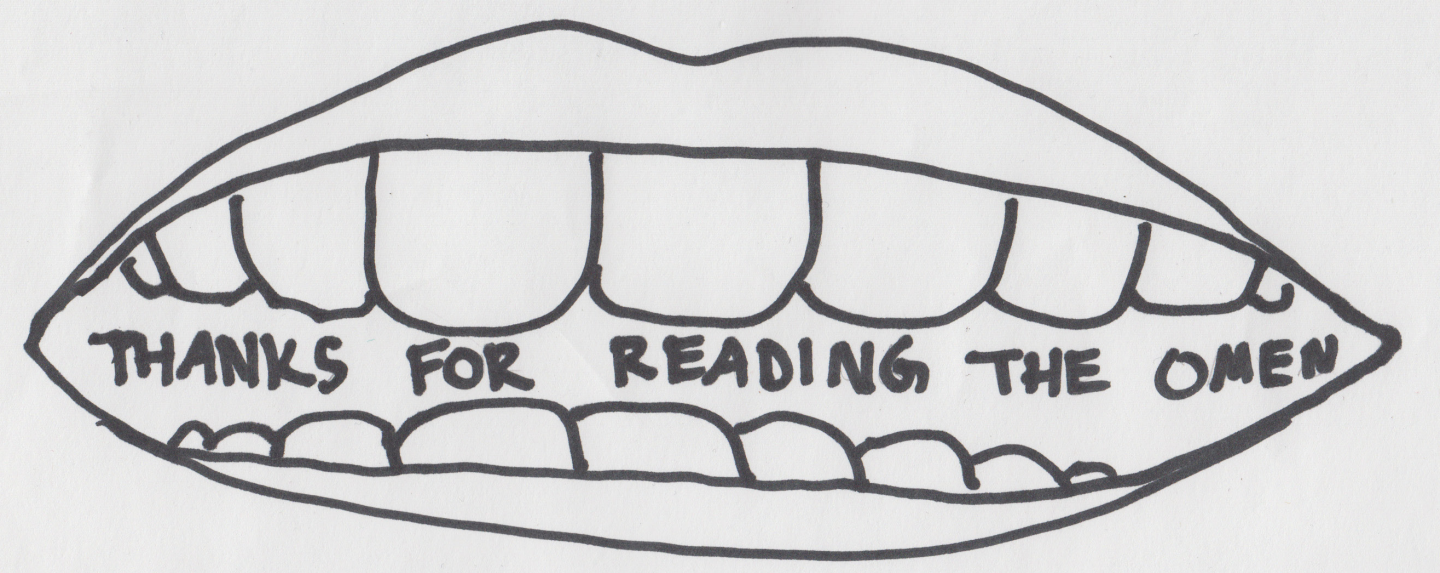


You: i fucking love steak
You: nothing wrong with a good steak
Stranger: i actually just grilled one.
Stranger: it's only american.
You: howd it come out
Stranger: not like i wanted it to
Stranger: kinda burned it.
You: still good though?
Stranger: hell yeah!
You: :D
You: you got a family?
Stranger: Nah.
Stranger: grew up alone
Stranger: with my aunt.
You: what's your job
Stranger: I work security for the lakers
You: really
Stranger: yeah
You: that's pretty cool!
Stranger: not really
Stranger: gets boring
You: yeah but you get to say "i work for the la lakers"
You: that's pretty cool
Stranger: nah
Stranger: lakers suck
You: hahahaha
Stranger: i'm a clipper fan
Stranger: lakers are sell outs
You: you like basketball
Stranger: i played in highschool
You: you good?
Stranger: I played varsity for 3 years
Stranger: i had a pretty good 3 point shot
You: do you still play?
Stranger: for fun at the beach
Stranger: with some of the big ass black guys.
Stranger: i'm the only white guy.
You: lol
You: i bet you don't tell them how you feel about black guys
Stranger: I don't have anything against them and i tell them that




Я НЕ ДОМА
ИНОГДА Я
ПРЕПОРЧИТАЮ МЁД

Stranger: they agree
Stranger: that black people shouldn't be having 10 kids.
Stranger: for money.
You: shit nobody needs 10 kids
Stranger: black people do
Stranger: that's 1000 dollars a month.
You: yeah and 10 fuckin mouths to feed
Stranger: exactly
You: damned irresponsible
Stranger: that's why blacks never move foward
Stranger: and i don't hide that from blacks
You: i bet you get your ass kicked a lot
You: and it's not blacks you're talking about
You: it's poor people in general
Stranger: yeah it's not just black people
Stranger: there are some white trash out there
Stranger: mostly in the south
Stranger: like alabama
Stranger: and missouri
You: you hate alabama?
Stranger: Who doesn't?
Stranger: i've been there
You: i thought you had pride for the usa
Stranger: yeah i didn't say alabama
You: lolololol
You: so usa's not perfect
Stranger: It's perfect it's just that damn confederate south that's stuck in the 1850's.
You: it's not perfect
You: nobody's perfect you said so yourself
Stranger: california is pretty perfect.
You: everybody's a hypocrite
Stranger: exactly
You: wait, california?
Stranger: i'm being one right now
You: the state that elected schwarzenegger
You: ?
Stranger: i'm contradiciting myself.
You: i'm just saying your field is pretty hard to play
Stranger: Yeah
You: and if you think about it logically it doesn't make sense
You: i think what you're going off of is how you feel
You: which is fine everybody does it
You: but then don't say emotions don't exist
You: you know?
You: i believe in love and comedy and music and things like that
You: i love movies and animals and food and china
You: and i bet there's a lot you love as well
You: not sure if you're still there
You: it says you're typing but it's been a long time
You: but anyway if you do read this
You: for what it's worth
You: i think it's much more satisfying to live life based on what you know and love, rather than what you don't know and hate
You: there's so many great things out there waiting for you to just approach them and interact with them
You: and yeah sometimes it'll disappoint you
You: but if you keep trying most of the time life will be an immensely satisfying experience full of friends and lovers and thanksgivings and basketball
You: there's so much to appreciate, you know?
You: i think that's why we're alive
You: well, so long friend
You have disconnected.

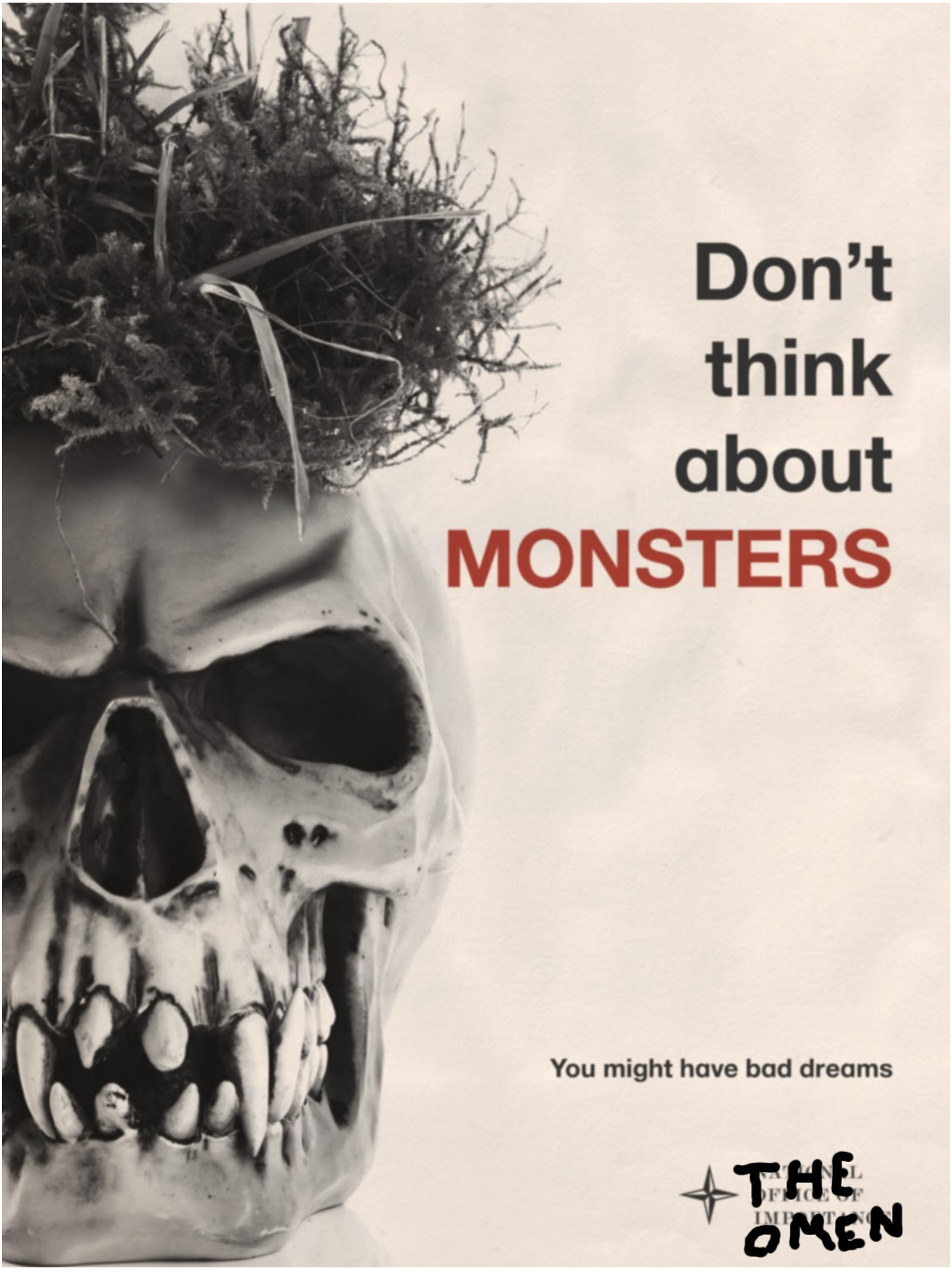


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